Probate Court Sessions.

THE PROBATE COURT FOR in the forenson of the second arv, and the first Mondays of and December. the first Mondays of April and It us the first Saturday of each will be held at any place in as addressed to E. W. Wyman,

Midnail, will receive prompt at LERERT W. BLAKE, JUDGE.

5 Per cent

at on your surplus funds, small. Payable direct to bless by New York drafts smally. Security to suit the . from prominent banks and dive booklet sent free on re-

FREDERICK A. FIELD

Established 1891. ther Ruthard Savings Bank, Telephone, 12e-11, RETLAND, - VERMONT.

A Solid, Safe Investment.

W. H. BISHOP, Notary Public with Seal Island Pond Vt

HARRY B. AMEY, Attorney made and promptly remitted.

ISLAND POND, VT.

GEORGE L. HUNT,

Lawyer Bartlett Block, Island Pond, Vt.

H. W. BLAKE, Attorney INLAND POND, VT.

N. E. Tel. 20-21

ELISHA MAY. Attorney & Counsellor at Law, St. Johnstoney, Vt.

GUY W. HILL. Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

them Stillding. St. Johnsbury, Vt. WITH TELEPHONES. SIMONDS & SEARLES,

Lawyers Bank Block. St. Johnsbury, Vt.

HOWE & HOVEY, Attorneys at Law, ST. DHINSBURY, VE.

A. ELIE. Physician and Surgeon

Island Pond, Vt Cross street.

D. B. MAYO, M. D. 15 ..... Past Office, Island Pond. RESIDENCE Walnut street

Telephone Connections E. N. TRENHOLME. D. D. S;

Dentist a xt O. L. Mansur's store. tehnod Pond, Vt.

G. E. CLARKE, Undertaker Funeral Supplies Island Pond, Vi

L. W. STEVENS, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Deputy Sheriff Island Pond, Vt.

E. A. BEMIS, Deputy Sheriff Island Pond, Vt.

F. C. LYNCH,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER. LYNDONVILLE, VT. Terms reasonable.

0. H. HENDERSON, TICKET AGENT Boston and Maine Railway, ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

Takets win the first class routes to point to and from European points. Baggag checkes through, Sterping car accommods thirt secured in advance.

S. P. MAXIM & SON.

Doors, Windows, Blinds,

milings, Stain Rail Balusters Newel and Pine Sheathing, Wir dow and Door Brackets, Pickets, Etc. Outside dies made to order. Regular sizes in the product of the production of the pro-ter of the production of the production of the pro-ter of the production of the production of the pro-ter of the production of the production of the pro-ter of the production of the production of the pro-ter of the production of the production of the pro-ter of the production of the production of the pro-ter of the production of the production of the pro-ter of the production of the production of the pro-ter of the production of the production of the pro-ter of the pro-ter of the production of the pro-ter of the pro-te SOUTH PARIS. MAINE



"Harry, love," exclaimed Mrs. Knowall to her husband on his return one evening from the office, "I have b-been d-dreadfully insuited."

"Insuited?" exclaimed Harry, love. "By whom?" "B-by your m-mother," answered the young wife, bursting into tears.

"My mother, Flora? Nonsense! She's

miles away." Flora dried her tears.

"I'll tell you all about it. Harry, love," she said. "A letter came to you this morning addressed in your mother's writing, so, of course, I-I opened

"Of course," repeated Harry, love, dryly.

"It-It was written to you all the way through. Do you understand?" "I understand. But where does the Insuit to you come in?"

"It-it came in the p-p-postscript." cried the wife, bursting into fresh floods of briny. "It s-said: 'P-P-P, S -D-dear Flora, d-don't f-fail to give this l-letter to Harry. 1 w-want him to bave it."

THE LIFE OF MAN. Like to the falling of a star. Or as the flines of eagles are. Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue, Or silver drops of morning dew Or like a wind that chafes the flood, bubbles which on water stood-E'en such is man, whose borrowed light Is straight called in and paid tonight. The wind blows out, the bubble dies, The spring entombed in autumn lies. The dew's dried up, the star is shot. The flight is past, and man forgot.

-Francis Beaumont.

The Only Way.

Growing tired of his chair one afternoon, Speaker Reed surrendered it to another member and sat down beside a western Democrat.

"My, what a large hand you have!" remarked Mr. Reed, looking intently at the enormous paw of his Democratic friend, who was writing a letter. "Yes, sir," said the member, "and 1

am proud of it. I worked on a farm for so many years that my hands grew large, as you see them." The speaker held up his small and

shapely right hand, smooth and white as a woman's, and said: "Well, I thank the Lord I never worked on a farm."

The member replied: "You are probably going to run for the presidency some time. Mr. Reed, and if you do I'll placard that statement all over the country. And what could you do about

The big fellow mused awhile and said: "Nothing, except to brand you as an

Marked For Death.

"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave-yard cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed help Mrs. A. C. Williams, of Bac, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 58 pounds in weight and my health was fully re- life but my box at the opera." stored," This medicine holds the world's healing records for coughs and colds and lungs and throat diseases. It prevents pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at J. W. Thurston's drug store. 50c and \$1.00 Trial bottle free.

A Chean Spree.

infernal liar!"

An excellent Scotchman had for thirty-seven years brought home his full wages every week. Once at the end of the period he gave his wife sixpence less than the full amount. This so distressed the thrifty woman that she saying that sixpence in thirty-seven side of the door. years was not a large amount.

"It's na the money A'm thinking of," she replied, "but A'm fearing that Mac has been taking to drink and betting. maybe, and other worldly pleasures."

Lamblike Resignation.

Charles Lamb, when reminded by his sisters of the days when they were poor and capable of enjoying the smallest treat with the keenest relish, so different from the days when they were rich and surfeited, said, "Well, Mary, since we are in easy circumstances we must endeavor to put up with it."

Limit of Laziness. Two darkies lay sprawled on the levee on a hot day. George Washington drew a long sigh and said, "Ah wish Ab had a hundred watermillions." Dixle's eye lighted. "Hum! Dat would suttenly be fine! An' ef yo' had a hun'ed watermillions would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No. Ah wouldn't." "Wouldn't yo' gib me twenty-five?" "No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-

five." Dixie gazed with reproachful eyes at his close fisted friend. "Seems to me you's powahful stingy, George Washin'ton," he said and then continued in a heartbroken voice, "Wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a-hyah, niggah! Are yo' so good fer nuffin lazy dat yo' caihu't wish fo' yo' own watermillions?"-Judge's Library

This is Worth Reading.

Leo F. Zelinski, of 68 Gibson, St. Buffalo, N. Y., says "I cured the most annoying cold sore I ever had, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. I applied this salve once a day for two days, when every trace of the sore was gone." Heals all sores. Sold under guarantee at J W. Thurston's drug store, 25c .- J GUARANTHED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED. W. Thurston.

A Narrow Escape.

Old Aunt Hepsy Garside never had seen a moving picture show before. She gazed in speechless wonder at the magic contrivance by which messenger boys were made to move with breakneck speed, barbers to shave their cusomers in less than a minute and heavy policemen to dash along the street at a rate never attained by a living specimen, either on or off duty. It was all real to her. She could not doubt the evidence of her senses. All those things were taking place exactly as depicted.

Presently an automobile came in sight in the far background, moving directly toward the audience at the rate of at least a mile a minute. Just as a catastrophe seemed inevitable it swerved aside, passed on and disappeared.

Aunt Hepsy could stand it no longer.

Hastily grasping the hand of her little niece, she rose and started swiftly for the door. "Come along, Minervy," she said, "It ain't safe to stay here any longer.

That thing didn't miss me more than two feet."

Mrs, McRaney's Experience.

Mrs. M. McRaney, Prentiss, Miss. writes: "I was confined to my bed for three months with kidney and bladder trouble, and was treated by two physicians but failed to get relief. No human tongue can tell how I suffered, and I had given up hope of ever getting well until I began taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. After taking two bottles I feit like a new person, and feel it my duty to tell suffering women what Foley's Kidney Remedy did for me."-J. W. Thurston.

His Only Capture.

Voltaire had once taken a box at the opera and was installed in it with some ladies when the Duke of Lauzun arrived and asked for a box. He was respectfully informed that all the boxes were taken. "That may be," he said, "but I see Voltaire in one, Turn him out." In those times such things could happen, and Voltaire was turned out. He brought an action against the duke to recover the price of the box.

"What!" exclaimed the advocate for the duke. "Is it M. de Voltaire who dares to plead against the Duke of Lauzun, whose great-grandfather was the first to get on the walls of La Rochelle against the Protestants, whose grandfather took twelve cannons from the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy, who"-

"Oh, but excuse me," interrupted Voltaire: "I am not pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who was first on the walls at La Rochelle, nor against me and hope had fled, when my husband | the duke who captured tweive cannon got Dr. King's New Discovery," says from the Dufch at Utrecht, nor against the duke who captured two standards from the English at Fontency. I am pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who never captured anything in his

The Door of Opportunity.

A well known Chicago merchant was once asked to talk to the boys of a business school. He prefaced his address by a few extempore remarks.

"Boys," said he, "as I approached the entrance to this schoolroom I observed on a panel of the door a word most appropriate to an institution of this kind. That one word expressed the quality most useful to the average boy when he steps into the field of business. Can you tell me what it is?"

"Pull!" shouted several of the pupils, with a burst of laughter, while went to consult the "meenister" on the the horrified merchant recognized that subject. He tried to comfort her by he had taken his text from the wrong

A Witty Reply.

Lord Houghton's sister was often annoyed at her brother's indiscriminate hospitality, "Do you remember, my dear," he asked her at dinner one day, "whether that famous scoundrel X. was hanged or acquitted?" "He must have been hanged or you would have had him to dinner long ago," replied the lady.

Is beauty only skin deep? Beauty is only skin deep, but the for-

cesthat create beauty are as deep as the fountain from which they flow, when the blood is discharged with impurities beauty disappears, when the blood is pure beauty blossoms in face and form. Rydale's Liver Tablets keeps the liver healthy and the bowels regular, prevents the blood becoming ladened with bile and waste matter, makes the skin clear, eyes bright and beauty more skin deep. J. W. Thurston.

Nobody runs over a child if he can help it. Even a thief will bring you back your pocketbook if you trust him to take care of it. It is the trusting that does it. Few men, no matter how crooked, can resist the temptation of reaching, if only for a moment, an honest man's level.-F. Hopkinson Smith.

Making Sure. A Scotsman went to an English race meeting and boldly staked a sovereign. The horse he backed proved a winner, and he went to the bookle to claim his winnings. The sporting man begrudgingly handed him seven sovereigns. The Scot looked at each one very carefully before placing it in his pocket. "Well," said the bookle, with a snark

are you afraid they're bad?" "Oh, no," said the Scotsman; "but I was just lookin' to mak' sure the bad J. W. Thurston. un I gie'd ye wisna amang them."

Character Molds the Face.

It is not in words explicable with what divine lines and lights the exercise of godliness and charity will mold and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest, for there is not any virine the exercise of which even momentarily will not impress a new fairness upon the features. Neither on them only, but on the whole body, the moral and intellectual faculties have operation, for all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes, according to the mind that governs them, and on the gentleness and decision of right feeling follows grace of actions and through continuance of this grace of form.-John Ruskin.

His Father Was Doing Well.

Long after the dear's of the elder George Grossmith the British income tax commissioners by mistake sent to the son, the well known actor, a notice assessing the income of the deceased at \$16,000. Mr. Grossmith returned the document to the proper quarter, with the following note written across it: "I am glad to learn my father is doing so well in the next world; \$10,000 is a great deal more than he ever made in this. Kindly forward this notice to his new address and remember me affectionately to him."

A gentleman went into a Louisville restaurant and ordered a bowl of soup. When it was brought an innocent fly was struggling in its midst. The gentleman reached in his pocket and dropped something in the plate and then called the waiter.

"Waiter, there is a fly in this soup. Bring me another bowl."

The waiter took the bowl out and presently returned bearing a steaming bowl of soup. "Did you just pick that fly out, or did you get another bowl of soup?"

"I got you all another bowl, boss." "Well, wait a minute," said the customer, and with his spoon he fished around in the bowl and brought up the half dollar he dropped in the bowl before giving it to the negro,

The negro's eyes popped out greedily and as he turned shamefacedly away was heard to numble: "Doggone it, that's just my luck."

Why He Struck Out.

A famous first baseman was advocat-Ing teetotalism among ball players, and in the midst of his argument he told a

"Leroy Vigors a friend of mine" he said, "turned up to play in an amateur game with a skate on. When Vigors stepped up to the bat he smiled a silly smile and said to the umnire

"'I shee three bats an' three balls here. What am I to-hic-do?' "'Hit the middle ball,' said the um-

"But Vigors struck out. "'Durn ye, Vigors,' said the coach, 'why didn't you hit the middle ball, like the umpire told you?

"'I did,' says Vigors, with an injured air, 'only I hit it with the-hic-outside

More people are taking Foley's Kidney Remedy every year. It is considered to be the most effective remedy for kidney and bladder troubles that medical science can devise. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects irregularities, builds in worn out tissues and restores lost vitatity. It will make you feel well and look well .- J. W. Thurston.

A LESSON.

Time to me this truth hath taught-'Tis a truth that's worth revealing-More offend from want of thought

Many a fault of human blindness, Has been soothed or turned aside By a quiet voice of kiminess.

A railroad eating house in southern Georgia which enjoys the reputation of being one of the worst places of its kind in the state has an ancient darky who announces dinner to the incoming passengers by ringing a huge bell. One day the old negro was accompanied by a sad eyed, long eared bound, who at the first ringing of the bell lifted up his voice in a most dismal howl. The old darky stopped and gazed at him for a moment and, with a "Hush ver mouth," started ringing again. Again the old hound, with nose in the air. sent forth a long drawn how! This was too much for the bell ring-

er, and, turning on the hound, he remarked: "Now, what in de worl' is you mak-

in' sech a fuss erbout? You don't have ter eat here lessen yer wants ter."-Harner's.

A Loving Son. Artemus Ward once told about two men he heard talking at a hotel in Maine. One of them said:

"Well, Bill, I've sold that old mare. "What!" says Bill. "That old flea bitten, broken down, spavined mare?"

"What did you get for her?" "A hundred dollars," "A hundred dollars! Who did you sell her to?" "Mother!"

was invented by a Physician and Chemist of Atlanta, Ga , and was used in private practice for many years with most marvelous success. The Rydale Remedy Co, have secured control of this great remedy and are now placing it on sale. Every bottle is guaranteed by us.

Rydale's Catarrh Remedy.

Sauce For the Gander.

Shortly before the ceremony the prospective bridegroom called on Rev. C. W. Wendte, a Boston clergyman, to give instructions. "I have heard." said he, "that you

customarily omit the word 'obey' from the marriage service. Will you please oblige me by inserting it tomorrow?" The clergyman promised to do so. and when the crucial moment came he said, "Wilt thou, Lucy, promise to love, honor and obey?"

"I will," promptly replied the bride The minister went on "Wilt thou Ralph, promise to love, honor and

The bridegroom hesitated, stammered, gulped and responded, "I will," evidently not wishing to create a scene by desiring an amended question, but later he reproached the minis-

"But you asked me to use the wor 'obey,' " protested Mr. Wendte, with a twinkle in his eye. "How was I to know that you wanted it for the lady

Embarrassing.

When the new minister, a handsome and unmarried man, made his first has toral call at the Fosdickes' he took ilttle Anna up in his arms and tried to kiss her, but the child refused to be kissed. She struggled loose and ran off into the next room, where her mother was putting a few finishing touches to her adornment before going into the parlor to greet the clergyman. "Mamma," the little girl whispered, "the man in the parlor wanted me to

"Well," replied mamins, "why didn't you let him? I would if I were you." Thereupon little Anna ran back into the parlor, and the minister asked: "Well, little lady, won't you kiss me

"No, I won't," replied Anna promptly. "but mamma says she will." Free to all subscribers of this paper. Every reader of this paper

no has any trouble with either Stomach or Liver, can get a free sample of Rydale's Stomach Tablets or Rydale's Liver Tablets or both if needed by writing to Rydale Remedy Co., Newport News, Va. These two remedies are not cure alls, one is for stomach troubles only, the other solely for liver and bowel troubles. Guaranteed by J. W.

Thurston.

Scared the Angel of Death. According to an ancient rabbinical ttory, the Angel of Death once obtained permission to take human shape and to reside partly in the world of life. He married, but his wife turned out to be a shrew, and the all powerful Angel of Death was worsted in the unequal struggle and fled ignominiously, deserting his wife and a son who

had been born to him. When the boy grew up and had become a physician the angel appeared to him and told him that he was his father, but that he had been compelled to retire from the joys of family life. The Angel of Death determined to help his son to professional success. At all his cases Death, was to apnear. If they were hopeless he would stand at the head of the bed; if not, at the foot. The agreement answered,

and the son prospered. Then the king of the country fell ill, and the whole of his people was much perturbed, for the king was a good man and beloved by all. The famous dewish doctor was sent for, and to bis great distress he perceived the shadowy form of his father at the head of the king's bed. Nothing would induce Death to change places. The son's patience exhausted, he made for the door. "Where are you going?" asked the grim Angel of Death. "I am going to fetch mother." was the answer. The angel disappeared.

On the Safe Side. A distinguished officer of the Federal side visited a southern planter after the war, and they talked about the shifts to which people were reduced in order to save their property. Chloe was called. "Tell the general where we preserved our silver plate."

Without hesitation she answered "Under some planks in the loft." The master was astonished. "Why, I don't remember that. Was it really

"Oh. yes, massa." When the guest was gone out Chloe was called again. "I can't make it out. I remember nothing about the loft." "Why, master, I was not going to tell the truth. The plate was buried in the garden. Who knows but there may be another war, and then them rascally

garden, and we should lose our plate." Guilty of Counterfeiting.

Yankees would come and search our

Passing counterfeit money is no worse than substituting some unknown worthless remedy for Foley's Honey and Tar, the great cough and cold remedy that cures the most obstinate coughs and he is the lungs .- J. W. Thurston.

A Mother's Criticism. Sigismund Goetze, the painter, once

painted his own portrait. "I designed it," said he, "as a birthday surprise for my mother, but one day left it exposed in the studio instead of, as usual covered up. Of course my mother chose that very afternoon to call, and equally, of course, she 'spotted' the portrait. 'Who is that?' she said. 'Oh, a man I've been painting,' I replied. instantly feeling several sizes smaller, a shrinkage which continued almost to vanishing point when my mother after another look at the picture said severely. Why do you waste your time on such uninteresting people?"

The Sunday editor of a New York paper called a bright reporter one day and said to him:

"I want you to write me a good story about the trials and discouragements of men who are looking for work in a big city. Get up early tomorrow, put on old clothes and visit all the places that advertise for male help in the morning paper. Give an ac count of the number of applicants and the kind of men they are and describe vividly the feelings of a poor devil who perhaps has had no breakfast and has walked miles because he hasn't got car fare and then meets disappointment after disappointment. Draw it good and strong on the pathos. People like to read that sort of thing."

At noon the next day the reporter appeared at the office crestfallen. "I'm afraid I can't make anything out of that story," he said to the Sun day editor. "What's the trouble?"

"I've got three jobs already and a promise of two more."

The Essence of a Gentleman. The gentleman is the man who is master of himself, who respects himself and makes others respect him. The essence of a gentleman is eternal self rule. It implies a character which possesses itself, a self controlling force. a liberty which affirms and regulates itself according to the type of true dignity.-Henri Frederic Amiel.

Sudden Conversion.

At one army post where a number of recruits were temporarily stationed an old sergeant was ordered to ascertain to what religious sect each man belonged and to see that he joined the party told off for that particular form of worship. Some of the men had no liking for church and declared themselves to be atheists. But the sergeant was a Scotsman and a man of experience. "Ab, weel." said he, "then ye hae no need to keep holy the Sabbath, and the stables hae na been cleaned oot lately." And he ordered them to clean out the stables. This occupied practically the whole day, and the men lost their usual Sunday afternoon's leave. Next Sunday a broad smile crept over the face of the sergeant when he heard that all the atheists had joined the Church of England.

Just a Supposition.

A philanthropic lady of San Francisco met on one of her tours a little boy who was swearing roundly. She seized him at once and gave him a good shak ing, adding: "You ought to be ashamed of vourself! I never heard such language since the day I was born." The boy, into whose desolate home she had just been bringing light, pulled himself loose. "Yes'm." he said. "I s'nose dere was a good deal o' cussin' de day you was born."

Diagnosed. Dean Ramsay once told of a young Englishman who had taken a Scottish shooting and thought himself quite nationalized. Next year he met a genuine Scot of the old school at a Ger man watering place and proceeded to pose as one himself, talking of Scotand and haggis and sheep's head and whisky, boasting of Bannockburn, professing devotion to Queen Mary and extolling Scott and Burns over all Engtish writers. On taking leave of his friend he said, "Well, sir, next time we meet I hope you will receive me as a real countryman." "Weel," said the other, "I'm jest thinkin', my lad, ye're nae Scot, but I'll tell ye what ye areye're jest an impruived Englishman."

A Personal Appeal. ff we could talk to you personally about the great merit of Foley's Honey and Tar, for coughs, colds and lung dudgeon. trouble, you never could be induced to experiment with anknown preparations that er mud hook's all clear for lettin' that may contain some harmful drugs. go!" Foley's Honey and Tar costs you no more and has a record of forty years of

cures. -J. W. Thurston.

The real object of education is to give children resources that will en- hat. dure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful and death less terrible.-Sydney Smith.

Practical Economy. If you would succeed in business never spend a cent more than you earn. No matter how small your earnings, you should master this art.

I use the word "art" advisedly, as so

many young men appear to fritter

away without so much as a thought

all their earnings .- Marshall Field.

Journalistic Enterprise. While stopping at a little Hoosier hotel in the course of a hunting trip in his native state Booth Tarkington lost one of his dogs "Have you a newspaper in town?"

he asked of the landlord.

"Right across the way, there, back of the shoemaker's," the landlord told him, "the Dally News, best little pape of its size in the state.' The editor, the printer and the printer's devil were all busy doing justice

to Mr. Tarkington with an "in our

midst" paragraph when the novelist arrived. "I've just lost a dog." Tarkington explained after he had introduced himself, "and I'd Ike to have you insert this ad for me 'Fifty dollars reward for the return of a pointer dog answering to the name of Rex. Disappeared from the yard of the Mansion House Monday night."

"Why, we were just going to press

too gind to hold the edition for your

Mr. Tarkington returned to the hotel. After a few minutes he decided, however, that it might be well to add "No questions asked" to his advertisement and returned to the Dally News office. The place was deserted save for the skinny little freckle faced devil, who sat perched on a high stool, gazing

wistfully out of the window. "Where is everybody?" Tarkington asked.

"Gawn to hunt th' dawg," replied the boy without removing his gaze from the distant fields.-Everybody's.

D'Ennery's Wit.

The Empress Eugenie once asked D'Ennery, the French dramatist, after the performance of one of his plays at the Taileries, "How did your heroine get the poison that was so necessary for the denouement?" "Ah. your majesty." said D'Ennery, "that's just what I've never succeeded in getting her to

tell." Another time the directors of a theater where his drama, "The Two Orphans," was being rehearsed asked him what he was dissatisfied with. "Oh," he replied, "It's only that each of you has got an imbecile for a part-

Wigwams and Snakes.

An American had been scated at a London dinner table next a rosy cheeked, gray eyed English girl who affected an absorbing and flattering interest in the United States, about which she seemed to have imbibed the usual extraordinary ideas of some Britons, especially with regard to the perils to be encountered in the more sparsely settled regions of the west. She tried her best not to be incredulous when assured that things were not really so bad as she imagined.

since that he had seen over twenty wigwams in one little village. Perhaps," she added as her companion made no immediate response, "perhaps the wigwams are not as venomous as rattlesuakes." Foley's Orino Laxative cures chronic constination and stimulates the liver.

Orino regulates the bowels so they will

act naturally and you do not have to

take purgatives continuously -J. W.

"It's reassuring to be told that there

are not rattlespakes in all the gar-

dens," she said, with a dazzling smile,

"but my cousin wrote me not long

Thurston.

Tom and Jerry. Tom Reed and Jerry Simpson, the noted Populist congressman, were great friends. Their good relationship came after this incident: "Say, Jerry," said Reed one day,

"For the same reason," said Simp-

son, "that you are a Republican. A

majority of the people of our respective districts are of our way of think-

why are you a Populist?"

Tended to His Part. Some years ago the Yankee schooner Sally Ann, under command of Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut river. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things the schooner was getting a "leetle" too near certain mud flats which lay along the larboard shore. So aft he went to the captain and, with his hat cocked on one side.

said: "Cap'n Spooner, you're getting a leetle too close to them flats. Hadn't you better go abeout?"

"Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and tend to your part of the skuner. I'll tend to mine.' Mr. Comstock went for'ard in high

"Boys," he bellowed out, "see that

The captain glared at him.

"Aye, aye, sir!" "Let go, then!" he roared. Down went the anchor, out rattled

the chains, and like a flash the Sally

Ann came luffing into the wind and

then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft and touched his "Well, cap'n, my part of the skunes is to anchor."-Everybody's. The Difference of a Letter. A professor in the University of Ber-

lin who came to this country a year

ago was much surprised when be

traveled in a sleeping car to be asked by the porter for his berth ticket. "My birth ticket?" he said. "I have my passport, I have my letter of credit, and I have even in my trunk my certificate of vaccination, but why the railroad should want my birth ticket I

"But," said the porter, "I must know whether you have upper or lower berth." "Upper, of course," said the German. "Look at my passport. Does it not

say, 'Well and highly born?' A Sartorial Reflection.

do not see."

A young clergyman on his first appearance in the pulpit made a faux pas in a sermon directed against the very human fault of vanity. "Many a good woman comes into God's house to show off (perhaps she doesn't quite realize it, but the fact is unchanged) to show off her best clothes." Then he glanced across the crowded pews and added, "I am thankful, dear friends, to see that none of you has

Hoarse coughs and stuffy colds that may develop into pneumonia over night are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar, as it soothes inflamed membranes heals the lungs, and expels the cold

come here for so unworthy a reason." sir," the editor said, "but we'll be only from the system .- J. W. Thurston.